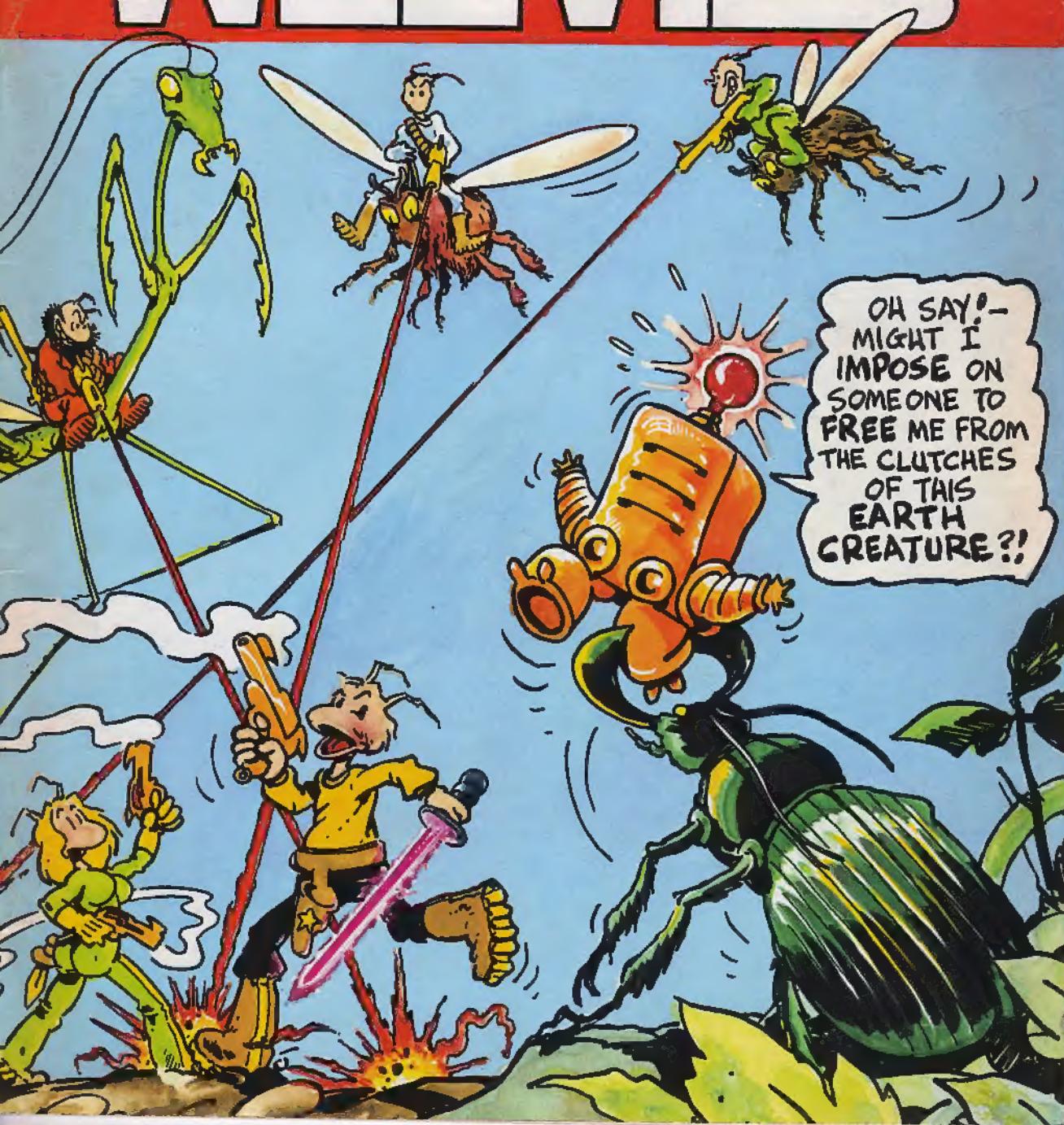


another  
RIP OFF  
PRESS  
BLOCK-  
BUSTER!

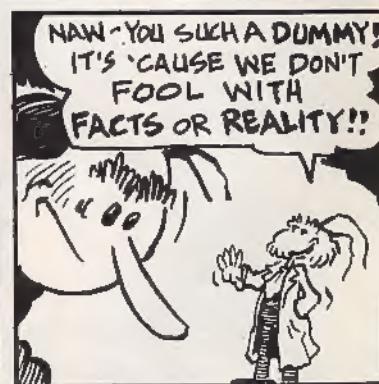
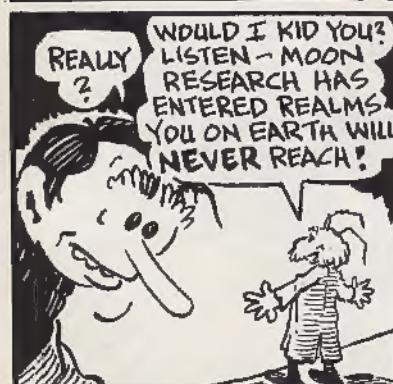
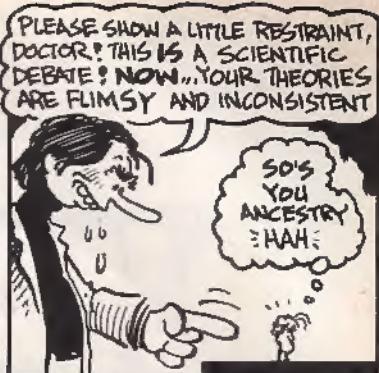
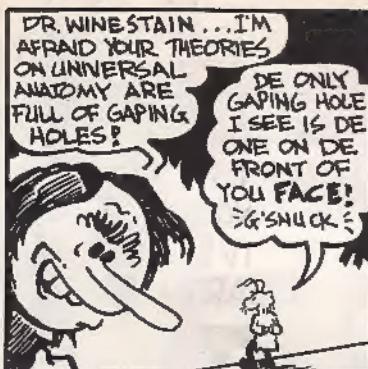
j. michael leonard's

\$1.00

# STAR WEEVIS



TO CARRY US INTO TONIGHT'S PROGRAM, WE PRESENT NOTED EARTH ASTRONOMER AND EXPERT IN HIS FIELD, CARL SAGAN, DEBATING THE "ANALYTICAL IMPLICATIONS OF A TERRA-LUNAR CONFLICT AS PERTAINS TO YOUR AVERAGE POINTY-HEAD" WITH DR. ELBOW WINESTAIN OF THE MOON....



STAR WEEVILS, COPYRIGHT © 1978 by J. MICHAEL LEONARD. PUBLISHED BY RIP OFF PRESS INC., P.O. BOX 14158, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 94114. THIS SPACE BOOK IS A COMPILATION OF THE STAR WEEVILS COMIC STRIP, APPEARING WEEKLY IN THE RIP OFF SYNDICATE. PRINTED IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. NOTHING MAY BE DUPLICATED OR REPRINTED WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE (A'HEM!) AUTHOR. — SEND THEM LETTERS TO: FAST DRAW STUDIOS, 45 SAHERIAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 94103 — S'LONG!

FOR EONS, THE ALIENS FROM THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON HAVE BEEN WATCHING EARTH THROUGH TINY TELESCOPES, WAITING FOR THE DAY THEY WOULD ATTACK OUR PLANET! —NOW AT LAST, THAT DAY HAS ARRIVED AS WE FIND A MOON SAUCER SNEAKING UP ON THE EARTH FROM BEHIND...

# STARWEEVILS

J. MICHAEL LEONARD



BREAKER! BREAKER!  
THIS HERE'S  
MOON  
PIE....

YOU BOYS  
WANNA CUT THE  
CHATTER? T'IS IS  
SPOSED TO BE A  
SURPRISE ATTACK,  
COME ON -

ULP! - THAT'S A COPY, MOON  
PIE! - THIS IS TH' WEBUIL  
CRUISER LAPSIN' INTO  
SILENCE!

WHIRR

(ACTIVATE THE  
DECELERATION  
GYROS® KID.  
WE'RE MOVIN' IN  
FOR TH' KILL!!)

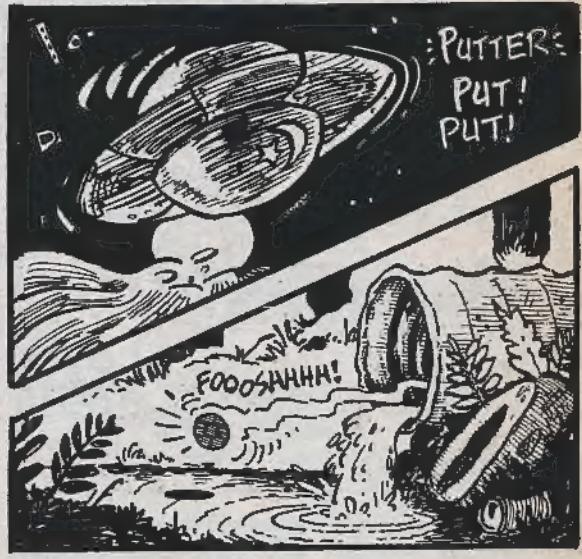
G'SNUK - THAT'S A  
GREAT OL' BIG  
TEN-FOUR,  
SKIPPER!)

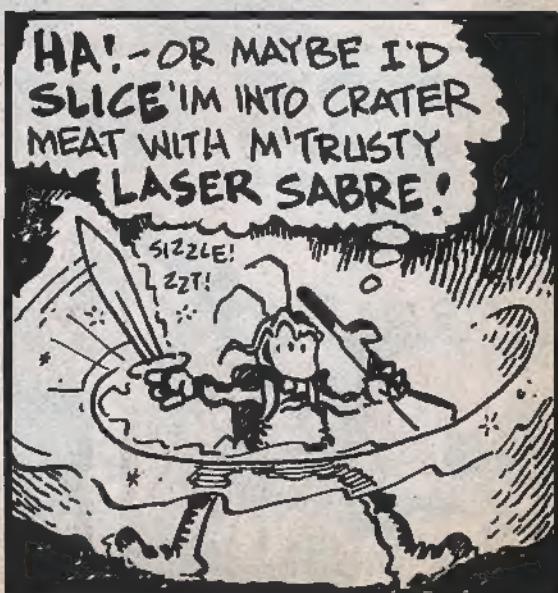
WE'LL PUT TH' SHIP  
DOWN ON THAT HUGE  
YELLOW PLAIN

HEY!?

!

UH - WE  
SEEM TO  
HAVE  
LANDED  
IN ONE OF  
THEIR  
OCEANS!





...OR MAYBE I'D  
JES TEAR 'IM  
APART WITH  
MY NAKID  
HANDS!

EH?

STAY BACK, BOYS!  
THIS 'UN'S MINE!

ZAP!

GOOD SHOT,  
SKIPPER!

HA! THIS  
ONE'LL  
MAKE A  
FINE  
TROPHY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE  
SKIPPER HAS PENETRATED  
DEEP INTO THE CITY DUMP...

EH...  
EGASP?  
SKIPPER!  
AN  
EARTHIE!!

WE GOTTA FIND OUR POINT-MAN! - DUNBAR, YOU AN' JONES KEEP AN EYE ON THIS FELLER...



ALL THIS BUSINESS OF HUNTING FOR EARTHIES... IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES!!

AWW - QUIT YER BELLY-ACHING!

JONES, THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! DR. WINESTAIN STATES IN HIS "COSMIC ANATOMY" THAT ALL LIFE IS WEEVILOID... WHA?



BUT ON TH' OTHER HAND... I NEVER DID CARE MUCH FOR WINESTAIN'S CRACK-POT THEORIES !!!





FACE FRONT, ALL OF YA! WHAT  
HAVE I GOT HERE? A BUNCH OF  
GIRLS? LES' GET SERIOUS!  
ARE WE CRATER RATS OR  
ARE WE WEEVILS—



**SKIPPER! (GASP)**  
THAT MONSTER  
JUST ATE UP  
DUNBAR! -  
WE'RE DOOMED!



**OH! DOOMED IS IT! —**  
LOOK SHARP, KID... I'LL  
SHOW YA' HOW A WEEVIL  
SQUARES-OFF WITH...



**DOOM!**

HAVE AT  
ME, YA'  
EARTHIE  
BASTARD  
!!

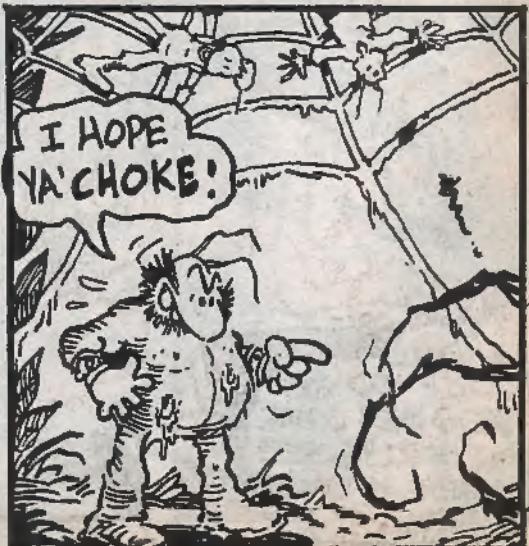


**AN' THAT'S FOR  
EATIN' UP ONE  
OF MY  
BOYS!**

**BOOT!**



**I HOPE  
YA' CHOKE!**



MORE FROM THE  
SKIPPER LATER!  
-BACK AT THE  
CRUISER, GORT  
EMBARKS ON A  
"SEARCH AND  
DESTROY"  
MISSION...

BE SURE  
TO REPORT  
IN EVERY  
HOUR, GORT!

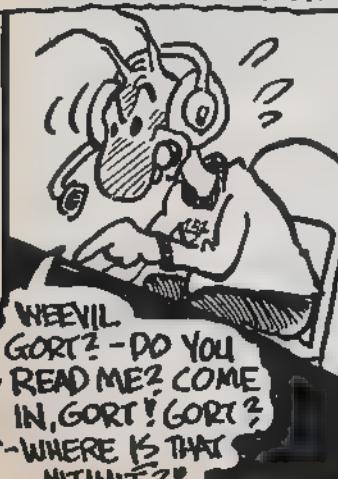
OH WOE  
OH WOE

CALAMITY! ADVERSITY!  
WHY O' WHY MUST THERE  
ALWAYS BE CONFLICT?!

HELLO—WHAT'S  
THIS...?

WHAT INDEED, GORT—!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT  
THE BATTLE CRUISER...



GORT?  
DO YOU  
COPY?

AH-MY EARTH BEAUTY-YOU'D  
REALLY LOVE IT ON TH'MOON-  
TH'FLAMSTEED CRATERS  
ARE SO LONELY THIS TIME  
OF YEAR...!

?

GORT HAS FALLEN  
IN LOVE WITH AN  
ANT! TOGETHER,  
THEY GO TO THE  
CHAMBER OF THE  
QUEEN....

WHAT, MY  
DARLING? WHAT ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO TELL  
ME...?

HUH? OH! I GET IT!  
YER ALL SLAVES TO  
TH' EVIL DESIRES OF  
A CORRUPT DICTATOR!

FEAR NOT, M'LOVE — GORT IS  
HERE TO LIBERATE YER  
PEOPLE FROM THIS CURSED  
ROYALIST REGIME!!!

WHAT I DO... I DO IN THE  
NAME OF LOVE!!!

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS..."

I GUESS SOME  
FOLK'S AIN'T READY  
FOR  
DEMOCRACY!!!

A DOSE OF CULTURE SHOCK HAS FORCED GORT TO CONSIDER THE AESTHETICS OF WAR-FARE

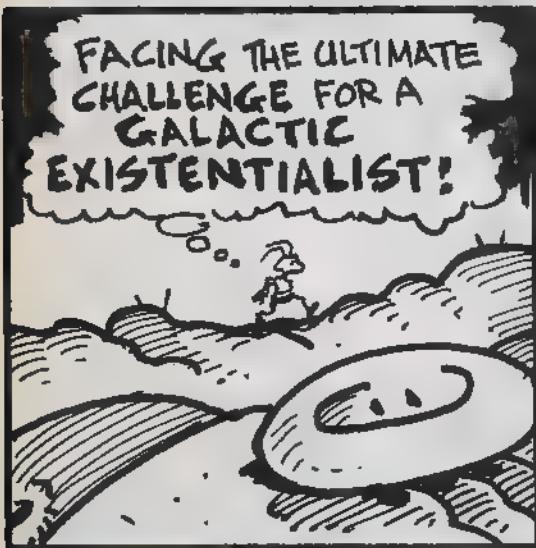
SIGHT MAROONED ON EARTH !!



...A CASTAWAY IN SPACE!



FACING THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE FOR A GALACTIC EXISTENTIALIST!

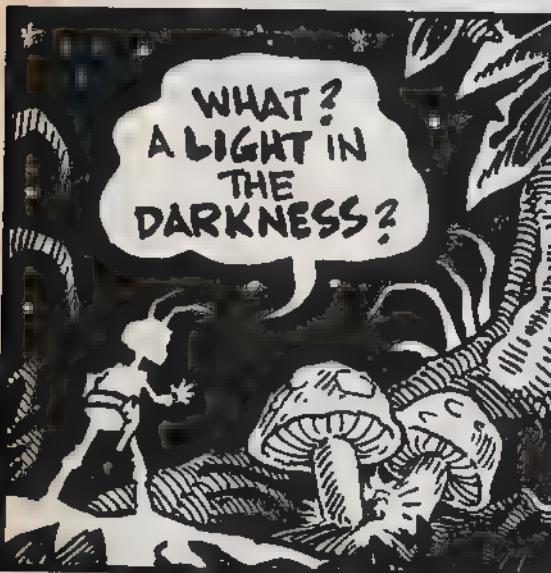
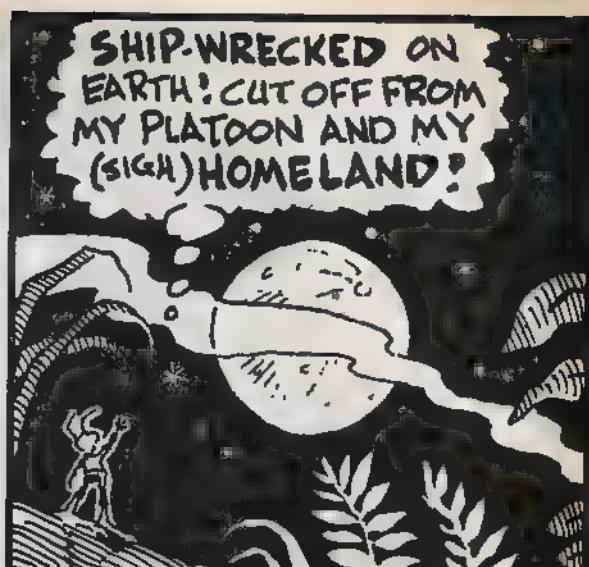


EH...? WHAT'S THIS...



...AIN'T THAT (HIC) CUTE... SOMEBODY DONE DRESSED THAT CRICKET UP LIKE (HIC) MR. SPOCK!





REFRESHED FROM A NIGHT'S REST,  
OUR BOYS SET OUT TO EXPLORE  
THE EARTH'S ALIEN TERRAIN...

SO-HOW  
YA' BEEN  
STAYIN' ALIVE?

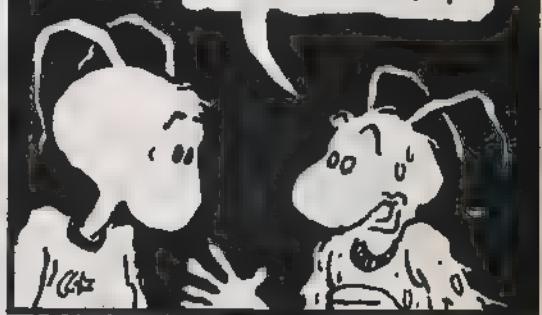
IT'S BEEN  
HELL, BOY!



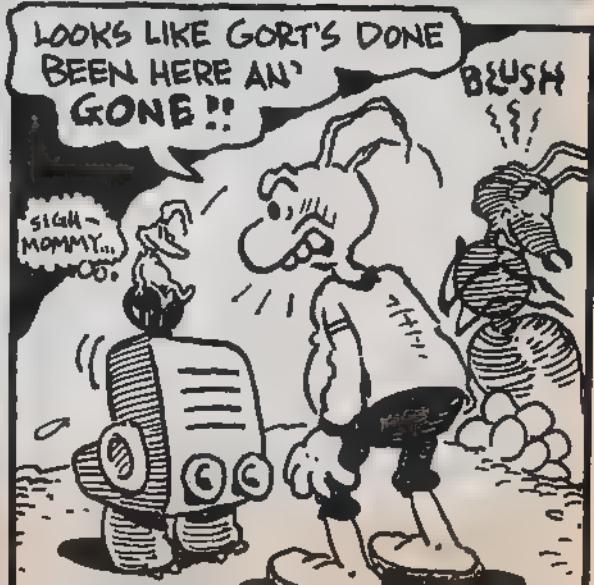
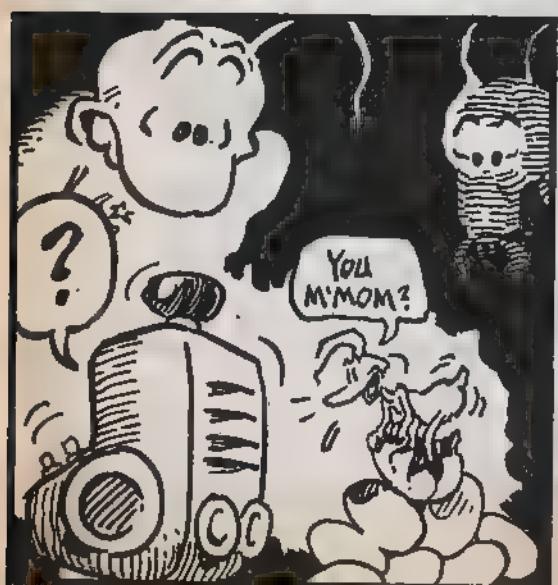
I'VE BEEN SLEEPIN' ON THE GROUND, AND WOULD OF STARVED T'DEATH IF NOT FOR THE MYSTERIOUS "MANNA FROM HEAVEN"!!

"MANNA  
FROM  
HEAVEN"  
??

IT JUST DROPS OUT OF TH' SKY, GORT!  
IT'S BEEN MY SOLE SUSTENANCE...  
AND IT'S REALLY QUITE DELICIOUS!



TWO DAYS  
AND STILL  
NO WORD FROM  
GORT! LT. OSERB  
ACTIVATES THE  
U-2-ME-2 UNIT  
AND TOGETHER  
THEY SET OUT  
TO FIND THE  
MISSING  
WEEVIL TROOPER...



NOW, SEE HERE, MISS... WE'RE  
ON A VERY IMPORTANT AND  
VERY DANGEROUS MISSION!



AND WE AIN'T GOT TIME  
TO WET NURSE THIS HERE  
-(AHEM) ILLEGITIMATE  
BABE!!



NOW - EXPLAIN TO THIS LITTLE  
FELLER THAT THE U-2-ME-2 UNIT  
AIN'T HIS MOMMY SO WE  
CAN GIT ON ABOUT OUR  
BUSINESS!!



GRRFF?

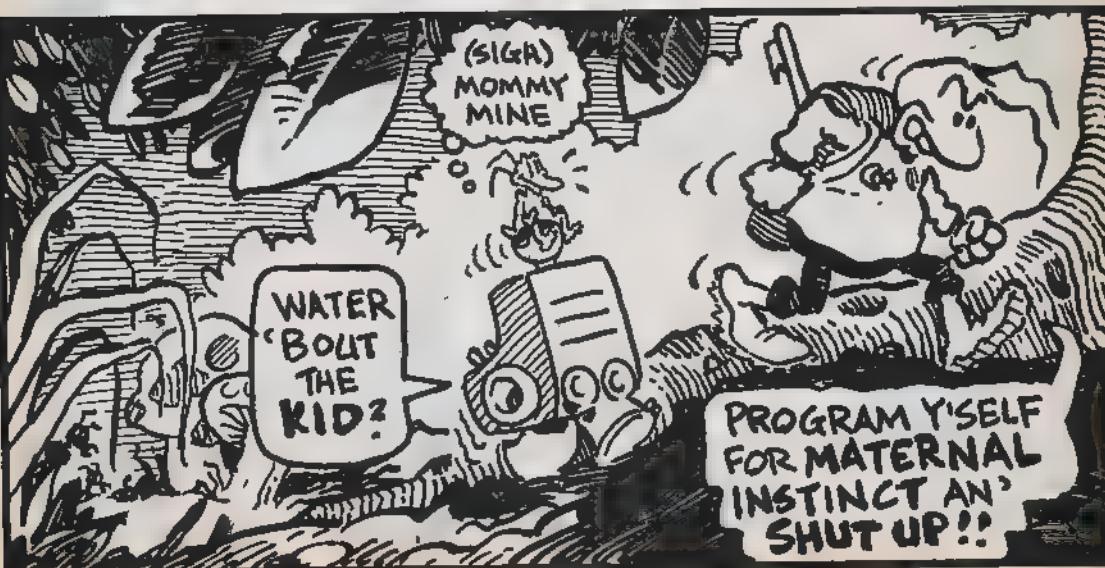
ER...

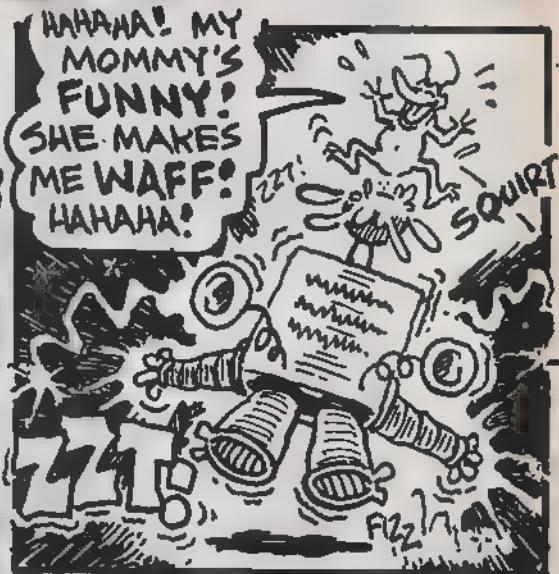
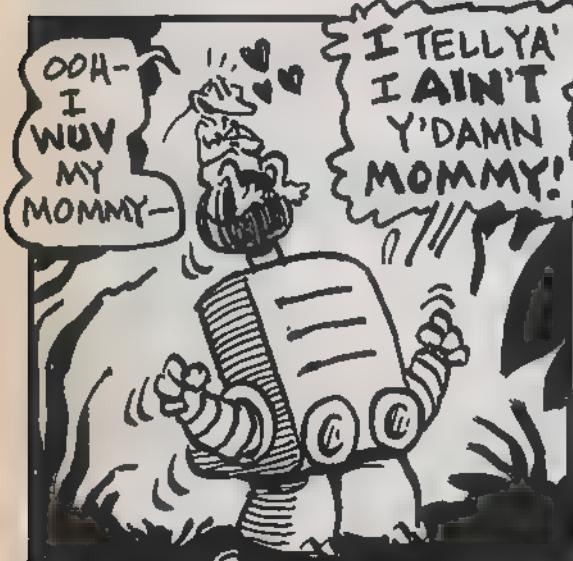


(SIGH)  
MOMMY  
MINE

WATER  
'BOUT  
THE  
KID?

PROGRAM Y'SELF  
FOR MATERNAL  
INSTINCT AN'  
SHUT UP!!





Y'KNOW, U-2... I'M DARNED  
IF THIS WHOLE SILLY  
BUSINESS AIN'T  
GETTIN'...  
SURREAL!

WELL - I MEAN THIS HERE  
"WAR ORPHAN" THINKIN'  
THAT YOU'RE HIS  
MOMMY!

I MEAN - TO THINK OF YOU  
AN' HIM AS MOTHER AN'  
CHILD! IT'S... WELL -  
SURREAL!

YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A TANGLE  
OF COILS, TUBES, AN' WIRE...  
AN' THIS FELLER AIN'T NOTHIN'  
BUT AN OUTRIGHT FREAK  
OF NATURE!



NOW AIN'T THIS ONE FOR  
TH' BOOKS! I TELL YA'  
U-2...LIFE'S A FUNNY  
THING!

IF YEW  
MEAN  
"HUMOROUS"...,  
YES,  
SOMETIMES.

WUF

NO... I MEAN-UH...  
IRONIC, Y'KNOW?  
I MEAN... YA JUST  
NEVER KNOW,  
YA KNOW?

YER  
BEGINNIN'  
T'RAMBLE,  
SIR.

WELL... I'VE NEVER TOLD  
THIS TO ANYBODY BEFORE,  
U-2...BUT-UH...I'M  
AN ORPHAN... HOW  
TOUCHIN'

ANYWAY-I BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT  
MY LINEAGE, SO BEFORE WE  
LEFT TH' MOON, I DUG INTO  
MY ANCESTRY—

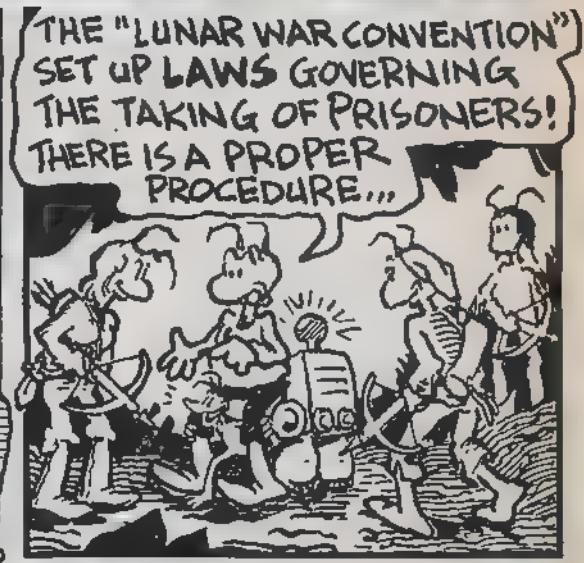
OF COURSE—I'VE  
ALWAYS FANCIED  
M'SELF A PURIST...

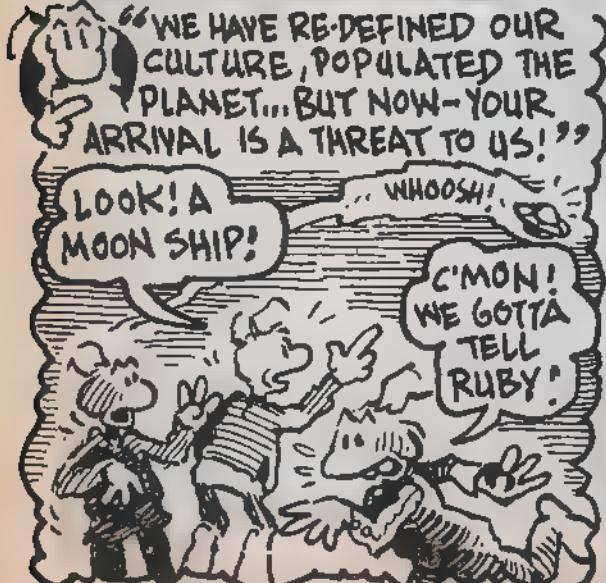
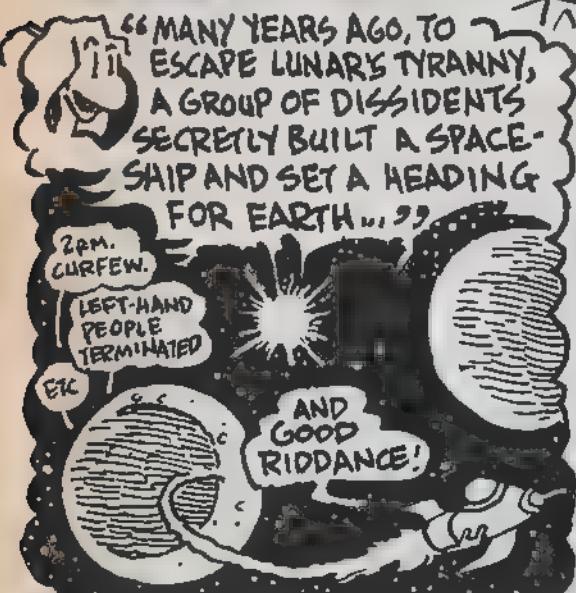
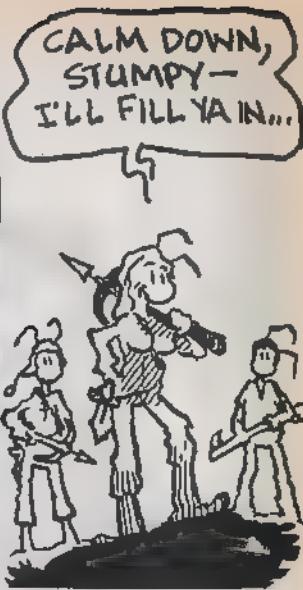
OF  
COURSE.

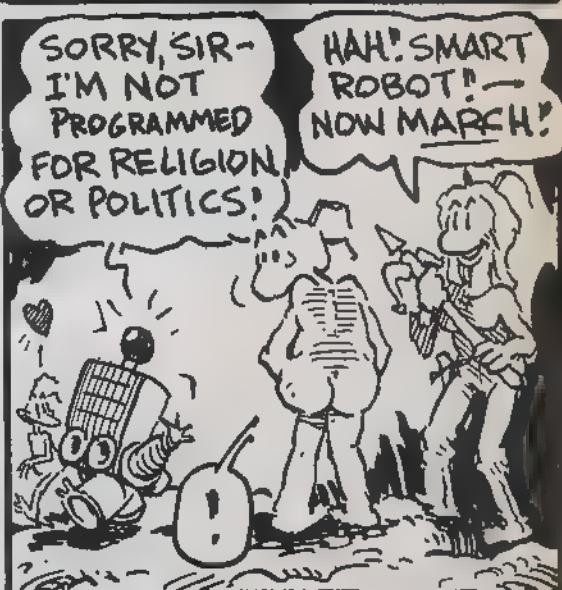
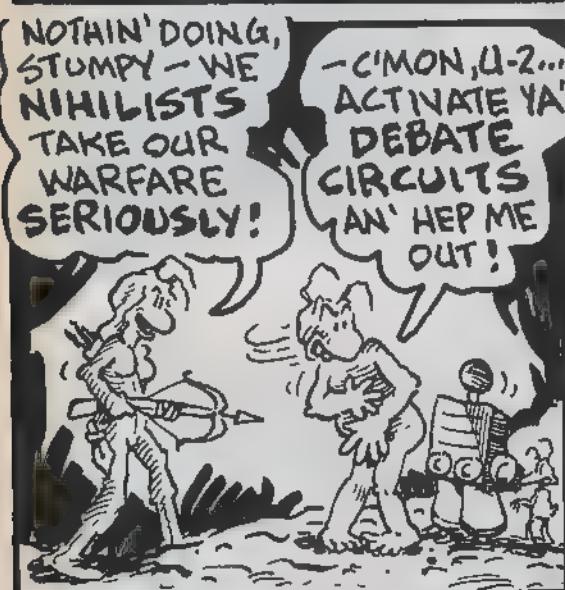
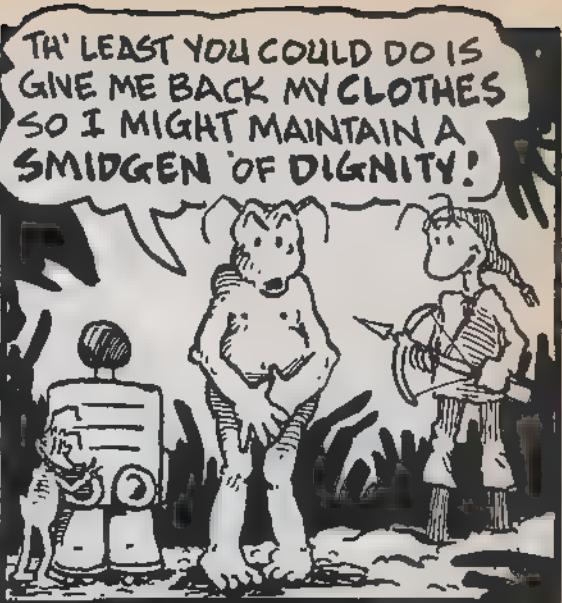
WELL-WHAT A FREAK-OUT IT WAS  
TO DISCOVER I WAS BORN  
NAKED! AND IN BED WITH  
A STRANGE WOMAN!

THAT'S  
IRONIC  
A'RITE.

WUF







MEANWHILE, GORT  
AND JONES  
MANEUVER A  
MAKE-SHIFT RAFT  
DOWN ONE OF  
EARTH'S CANALS...

HOW'D YOU  
EVER GET  
A NAME  
LIKE  
"6 1/2"?

WELL, WHEN I WUZ BORN, M'FOLKS  
COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO CALL  
ME... SO THEY THREW A BUNCH  
OF NAMES INTO MY POP'S HAT...



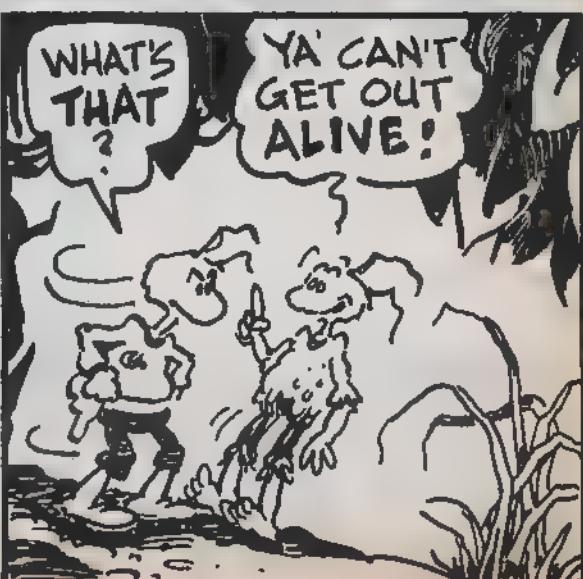
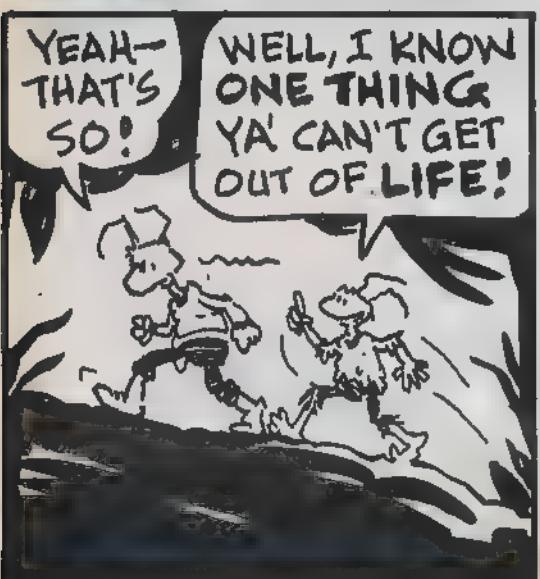
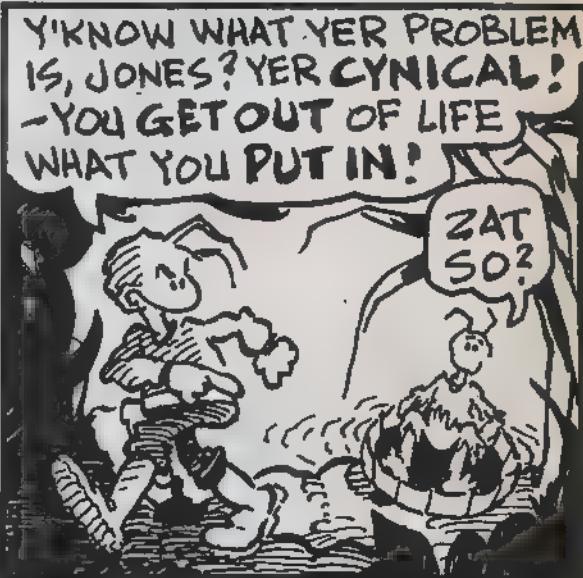
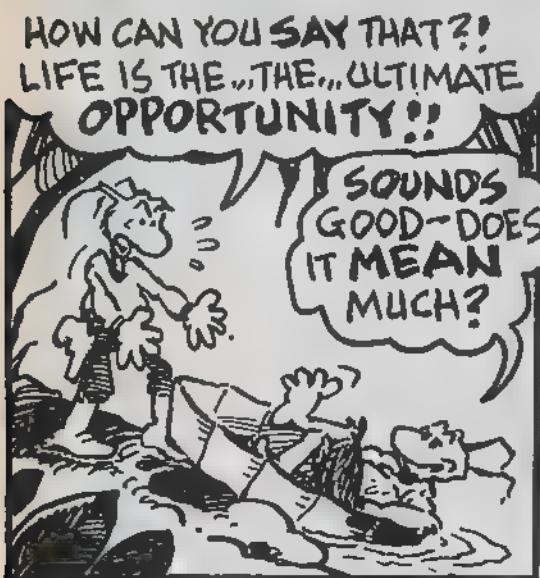
THEY FIGURED THEY'D JES' DRAW  
A NAME OUT OF TH' HAT AND  
WAATEVER IT WUZ, THAT'S  
WHAT THEY'D CALL ME!

YEAH... SO  
HOW COME  
"SIX-AND-1/2"  
?

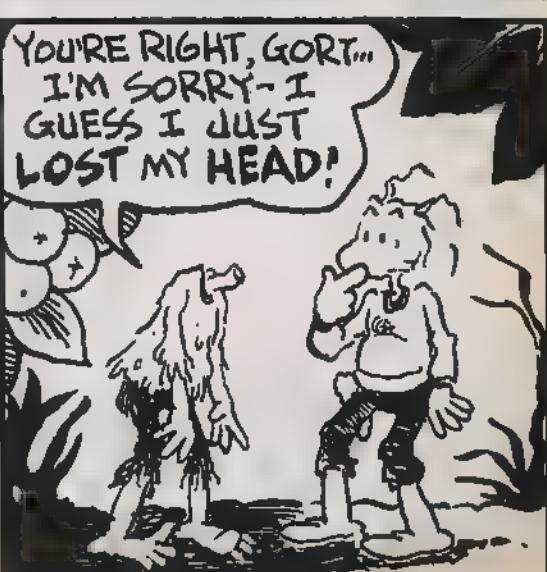
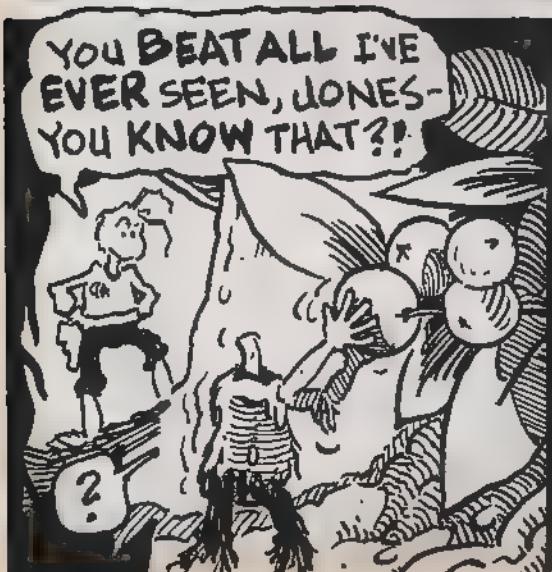
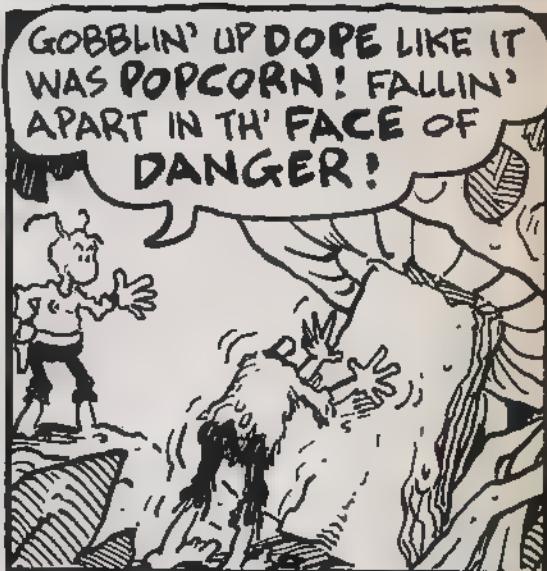


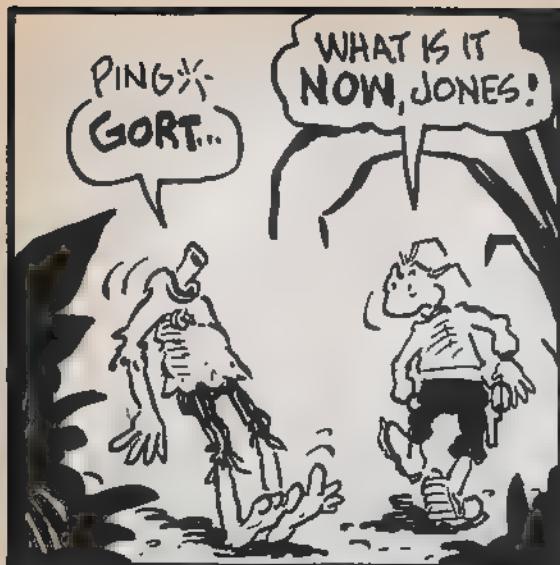
WELL, Y'SEE...  
THAT WUZ MY  
POP'S HAT SIZE...

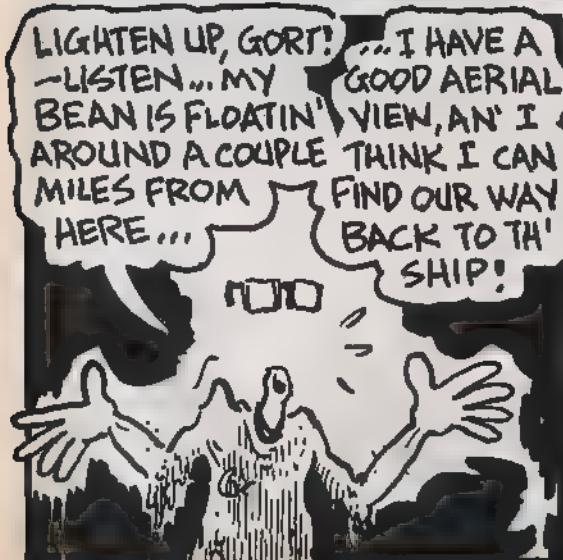
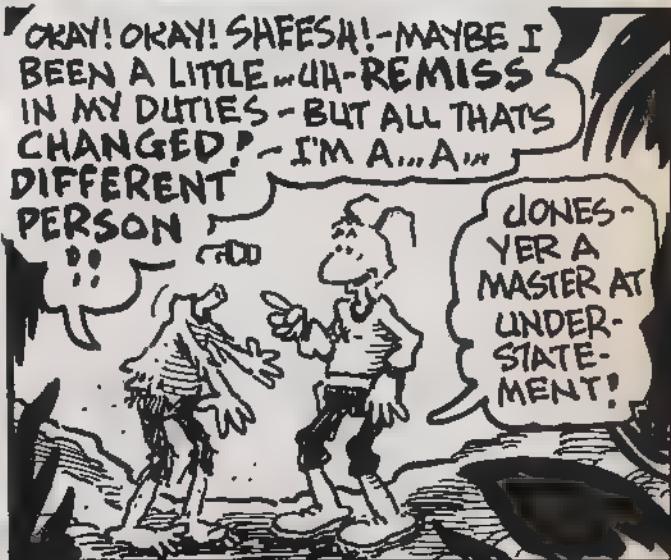
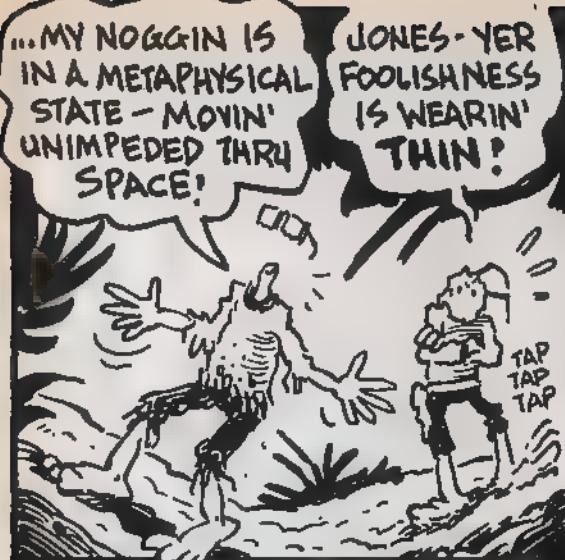












6½ JONES HAS  
BECOME AN  
EPHEMERAL  
DAY-TRIPPER...

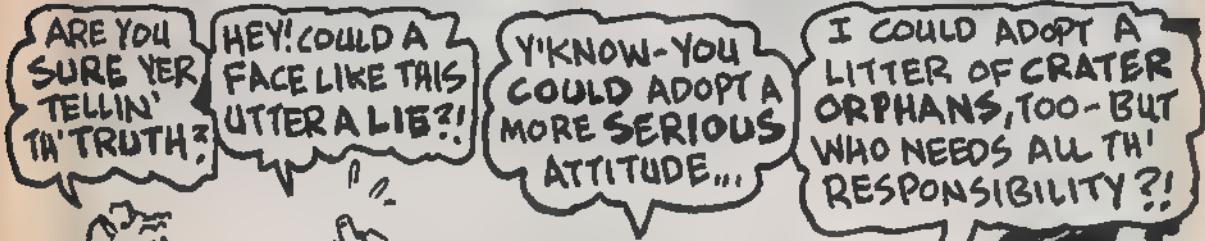
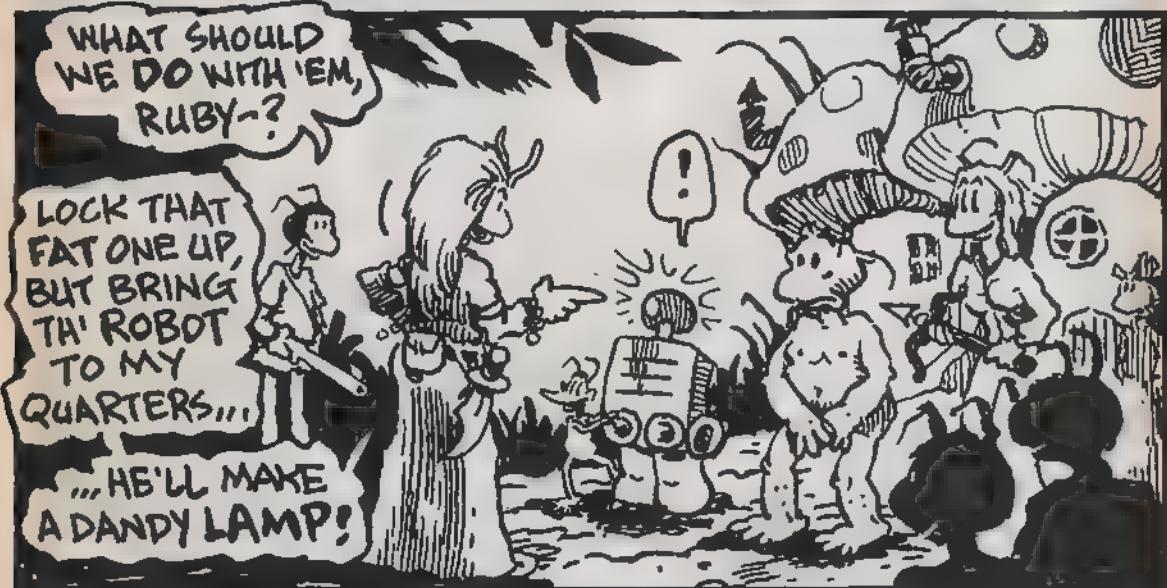




JONES FOLLOWS  
THE PLIGHT OF  
LT. OSERB AND  
THE U-2-ME-2  
UNIT... \*



THEY DONE BEEN  
CAUGHT BY A PACK  
OF RENEGADES!



Y'KNOW-YOU COULD ADOPT A MORE SERIOUS ATTITUDE...

I COULD ADOPT A LITTER OF CRATER ORPHANS, TOO - BUT WHO NEEDS ALL TH' RESPONSIBILITY?!



... JONES THIS  
ASTRAL PROJECTION  
POWER YOU'VE  
ACQUIRED IS A...A...  
SPECIAL GIFT -  
IT MUST NOT BE  
ABUSED, BUT  
USED FOR THE  
COMMON GOOD  
OF ALL...

NOW DON'T  
GO GETTIN'  
PHILOSOPHICAL  
ON ME,  
GORT!

HEY, GORT! BY  
GOLLY, I FOUND  
IT! YONDER'S TH'  
SHIP!

THE SHIP! JONES! THE SHIP!  
NOW WE CAN RESCUE THE  
OTHERS AND - DARE I SAY IT? -  
RETURN HOME!!

HOME! O'JOY! O'ECSTASY!  
(SNIFF) - MY...MY HEART  
PALPITATES AT THE  
THOUGHT! - O' THE DUSTY  
OCEANS AND LOFTY CRATERS  
OF TH' MOON! - HOME!!

AWW - GORT -  
YA' BIG  
SENTIMENTAL  
LUG, YA?

???

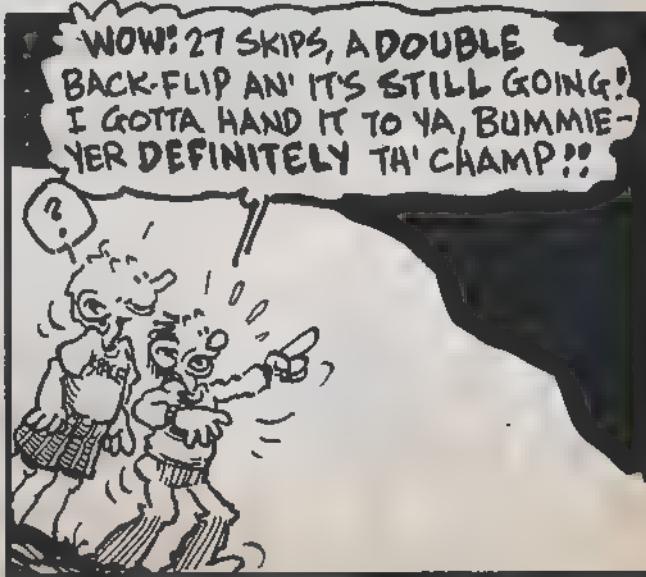
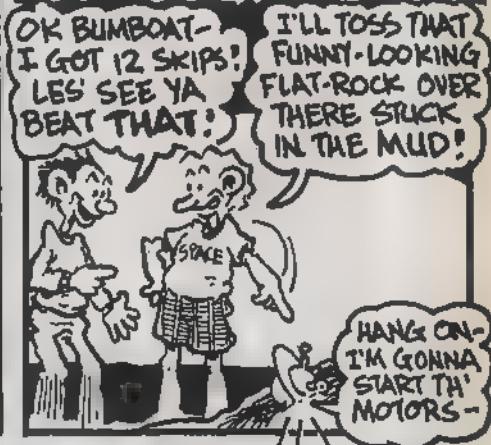
LOOK, JONES - WE DON'T  
WANT NOBODY ELSE TO  
KNOW ABOUT YER  
SECRET POWER - SO  
ER-UH... KEEP THAT  
UNDER YA' HAT,  
A'RIGHT?

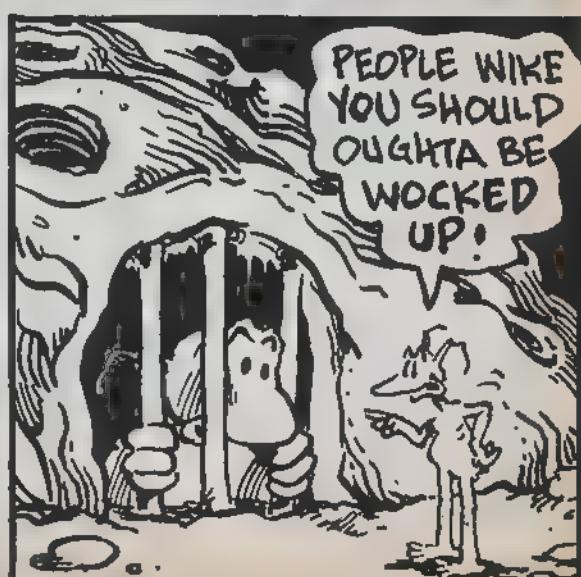
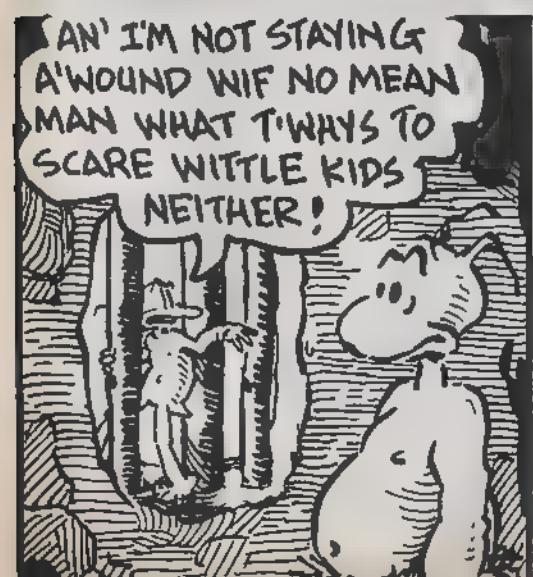
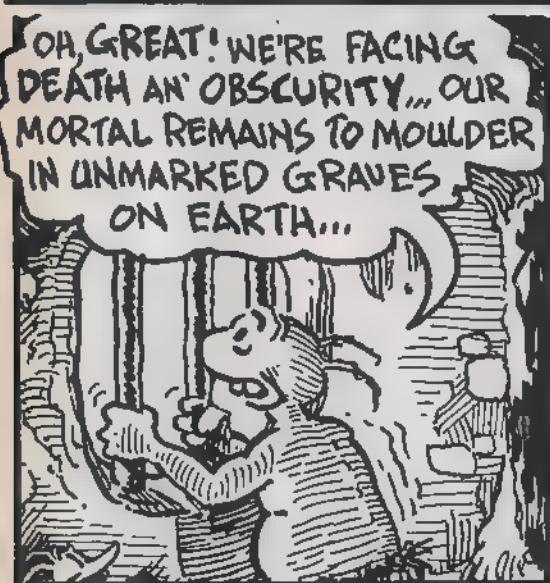
UNDER YA' HAT!  
HAW! - I  
WISH I'D  
OF SAID  
THAT!

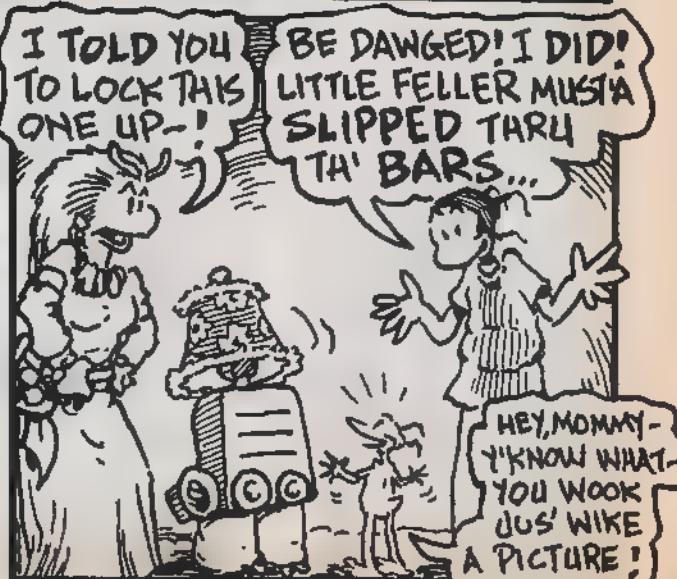
GORT AND JONES ATTEMPT  
A DRAMATIC ESCAPE...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE -ER- "REAL WORLD" - THE LOCAL ROCK SKIPPING CHAMP HAS RECEIVED A CHALLENGE...







THE STAR WEEVIL TASK FORCE: THE ABSOLUTE FINEST  
IN ELITE GUERRILLA FOOT-SOLDIERS...

TROMP!  
TROMP!  
TROMP!

...SERVING THE "WAR" NEEDS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM  
SINCE 68,000,000 A.B.B.- (AFTER BIG BANG)...

TROMP!  
TROMP!

...THREE WEEVILS - NO WAITING!

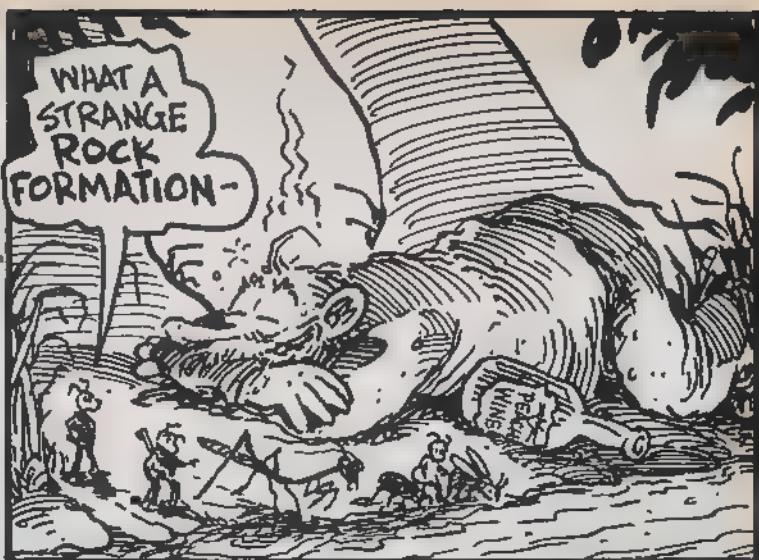
WINTHROPE-  
YER TH' MOST  
DEDICATED  
DRUM-BOY I  
EVER SEEN...

I  
LIKE  
THAT!

TROMP!  
TROMP!  
TROMP!

T-T TANK  
YEW,SIR-

THE SKIPPER IS BACK  
IN THE ACTION, WITH  
THE REMNANTS OF  
THE MOON FLEET  
IN TOW...



HEY-WAIT A MINUTE...  
!(GASP!) SKIPPER!  
THAT AIN'T NO ROCK  
FORMATION-T-THAT'S  
AN EARTHIE!!

(HIC)-SHAY...  
WASZIS?  
BUGS-



WHY-I'LL BLAST  
THAT SUCKER INTO  
TH' MIDDLE OF  
NEXT WEEK!

HUM'A!  
HUM'A!

ZZT!

ZOT!

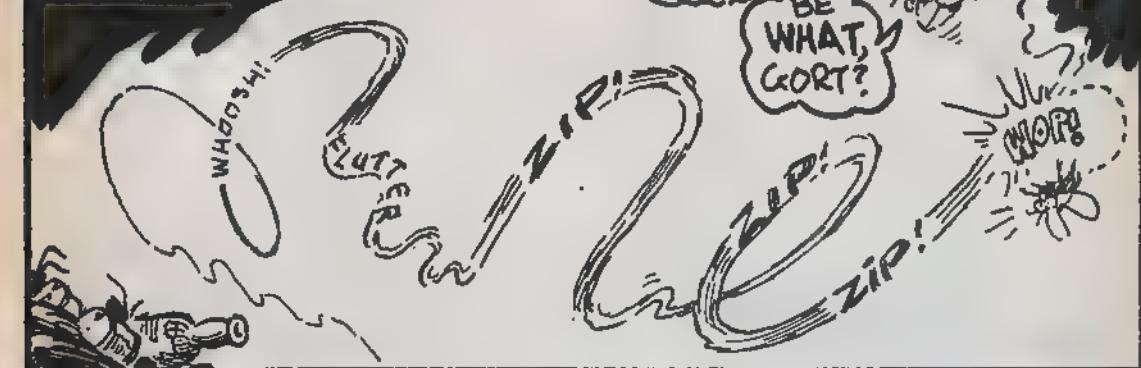




WELL, GORT HAS MANAGED TO GET THE BATTERED MOON CRUISER OFF THE GROUND - NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET THE GYRO-STABILIZERS WORKING!

JONES  
I... I BLEAVE...  
I'M GONNA -  
GONNA BE...  
URP! X

BE  
WHAT,  
GORT?



(GASP!) I  
THINK...  
I-I THINK-

WHAT, GORT?  
OUT WITH  
IT!



A'GAGHH!  
CHOKED COUGH!  
COUGH!

AW, GORT -  
THAT'S  
DISGUSTIN'!!



MEANTIME  
ELSEWHERE,  
THE FIRST MATE  
IS FACING  
DOUBT AND  
UNCERTAINTY...

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THINGS  
GITTIN' SO FOULLED UP! IT'S A  
CASE, PURE N'SIMPLE, OF  
IGNORANCE AN' APATHY!

AIN'T THAT RIGHT,  
SKIPPER...?

KID -  
I DON'T  
KNOW, AN'  
I DON'T  
CARE!



YONDER IT IS, BOYS...  
OUR OBJECTIVE—  
OUR REASON FOR  
BEING ON  
THIS  
PLANET!

IS IT AN  
EARTHIE  
TOWN?

EARTHIE? HAW!  
TROOP—WE COULD  
CARE LESS ABOUT  
EARTHIES!

WHAT  
DO YA'  
MEAN,  
SKIPPER?

HELL, WINTHROP—GIVE TH'  
EARTHIES A COUPLE MORE  
YEARS AN' THEY'LL KILL  
THEMSELVES OFF  
WITHOUT  
OUR HELP!

NAW, BOYS—THAT AIN'T  
NO EARTHIE SET-UP!  
THEM FOLKS IS FROM

TH'-TH'  
MOON!  
TH' MOON SAME  
BUT-BUT  
AS YOU N' ME! I THOUGHT—  
I MEAN...  
ISN'T?  
WASN'T...?

STOP SPUTTERIN', KID!  
THAT TOWN IS TH' REAL  
REASON FOR TH' INVASION:  
—DESTROY ALL WEEVIL  
OPPOSITION HERE ON  
EARTH!

...COME NIGHTFALL, WE  
GINNA SWARM DOWN  
YONDER LIKE A PACK  
OF DEPRAVED  
BOULDER-EATERS—  
PLUNDERIN', LOOTIN',  
AN' JUS' GENERALLY  
BEING  
OBNOXIOUS!

SKIPPER —  
YOU THINK OF  
FUNNY THINGS  
TO DO!!

NIGHT FALL - AND ALL IS QUIET  
IN THE TINY RENEGADE  
VILLAGE...

HEY, MORT -  
WOULD YOU STOP  
SMOKIN' THAT  
STINKING  
TO-BAK ON  
GUARD DUTY -  
I CAN'T  
SLEEP!

BUT - AT THAT SAME MOMENT, A  
PALTRY BAND OF MOONIES COME  
CREEPING THRU THE DARKNESS...

SET YA  
BLASTERS  
FOR  
"BAR-B-CUE"!

AN' LES TAKE 'EM BY  
TH'SHORT HAIRS!

BON'S  
EYE!!

WINTHROPE -  
OFF THE  
GUARD!

GOT  
CHA'  
SKIPPER!

YAH-HOOOO!!

ZZZ

SINGE!

ZZT!

I AIN'T GONNA ASK  
YA AGAIN, MORT -  
STOP SMOKIN' THAT  
DAMN TO-BAK - IT'S  
KEEPIN' ME AWAKE!



THE MOONIES HIT THE  
RENEGADE VILLAGE  
WITH A  
VENGEANCE!

GLANG!

CHANG!

CHANG!

WE BEEN  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSED!

SURE  
LOOKS  
LIKE  
IT...

ZZT!

FIZT!

ZIT!  
IT'S A  
RAID!

ZOT!

EAT FIRE  
FREAK!

EEY!!!  
SIZZLE!

THUNK!

ZING!





GORT HAS JUST  
FLOWN WHAT IS  
KNOWN AS THE  
"GENEALOGICAL  
MANEUVER"--  
THAT IS: A LONG  
LINE OF DIPS,  
FLIP-OUTS, AND  
DIZZY JERKS...

JONES! - I...I  
CAN'T KEEP  
TH' SHIP IN TH'  
AIR! - WE...WE'RE  
GONNA CRASH!

MOMMA!



MEANTIME - THE MOONIES HAVE  
SUCCEEDED IN WREAKING A MILD  
HAVOC DOWN BELOW...



BUT - INTO THIS MELEE  
ENTERS THE MOON  
CRUISER ...



WELL, THE TABLES  
HAVE TURNED, AND  
ONLY A MIRACLE  
CAN SAVE THE  
DAUNTLESS  
WEEVILS NOW...

ALL LEAVES  
ARE  
CANCELED!

YOU CAN  
BANK ON  
THAT,  
MEAT-  
BALL!  
AND IN  
ABOUT  
TWO  
SECONDS,  
YOU'RE  
GOING  
TO BE  
CANCELED!

DID SOMEONE  
SAY "MIRACLE" - ?

NOW I KNOW  
THEM LITTLE  
CRITTERS IS  
AROUND  
HERE  
SOME-  
WHERE...

AH-HA! -  
YONDER  
THEY BE!

READY...  
AIM...

WAIT!  
LOOK  
BEHIND  
YOU!

YOU EXPECT ME  
ME TO FALL FOR  
THAT OLD LINE?!  
HAHAHAH!!

I ALMOST HATE TO  
VAPORIZE YOU, MEATBALL...  
YOU'D HAVE QUITE A FUTURE  
AS A COMEDIAN!..

WELL, NOW - LOOKIE HERE  
WHAT I SEE... TALKIN' BUGS!  
A WHOLE SLEW OF  
TALKIN' BUGS!!

(PSST! -  
NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE!)

GRAB  
A  
GUN,  
BOYS!  
HEY!

GEE  
RONNIE  
MOE!

A'RITE! - DON'T  
NOBODY MOVE  
OR TA'EARTHUE  
GETS IT!!

I STILL DON'T  
SEE NO TALKIN'  
BUGS - -

MA:

LET'S GO, BOYS!  
THIS EARTHIE IS  
OUR TICKET  
TO RIDE!

DON'T SHOOT!  
YOU MIGHT HIT THE  
GIANT! IF HE FALLS  
HE'LL WIPE OUT THE  
WHOLE VILLAGE!

I NEVER  
SHOULD'A  
TOUCHED  
TH'SUFF!

SMART DAME! —  
NOW ME AN' MY  
BOYS ARE WALKIN'  
DON'T TRY TO  
FOLLOW US!

AN' DON'T NOBODY  
MOVE TIL' YA COUNT TO  
A HUN'DRET-THOUSAND...  
REAL SLOW!

LET 'IM GO!  
WE'LL SETTLE  
THIS SCORE  
ANOTHER TIME!

MA-I  
SHOULD'A  
LISTENED  
TO YA!

S'LONG,  
SUCKERS!

ER-WHY DON'T YOU  
FELLERS...UA...PICK ON  
SOMEBODY CLOSER  
TO Y'OWN SIZE?

CAUSE BEING  
A BULLY'S MORE  
OF A  
CHALLENGE!

A HUN'DRET  
AN' TWO - A  
HUNDRET AN'  
THREE - A  
HUNDRET AN'  
FOUR ...

WOULD YOU GENTS CARE  
TO EXPLAIN THIS CARNAGE  
YOU'VE WROUGHT UPON  
MY PEOPLE - ?

HEY! - WE NEVER  
WANTED TO DO IT!  
HONEST! WE WERE  
DUPES OF AN EVIL  
TYRANNY!

WE GOT NO BEEF WITH  
YOU FOLKS! WHY - I  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHY WE WAS  
FIGHTIN'!

CAN'T  
SAY AS  
I DO...

YOU SEE? ALL WE  
WANT IS TO STAY  
ON EARTH AN' LIVE  
IN PEACE WITH  
YER PEOPLE!

HOW DO WE  
KNOW YOU CAN  
BE TRUSTED?

I CAN VOUCH FOR  
THEIR INTENTIONS,  
MA'AM... AND A U-2-ME-2  
UNIT ISN'T PROGRAMMED  
FOR DECEPTION!

GOOD POINT, ROBOT -  
OK! BLANKET  
AMNESTY !!

HOORAY!!

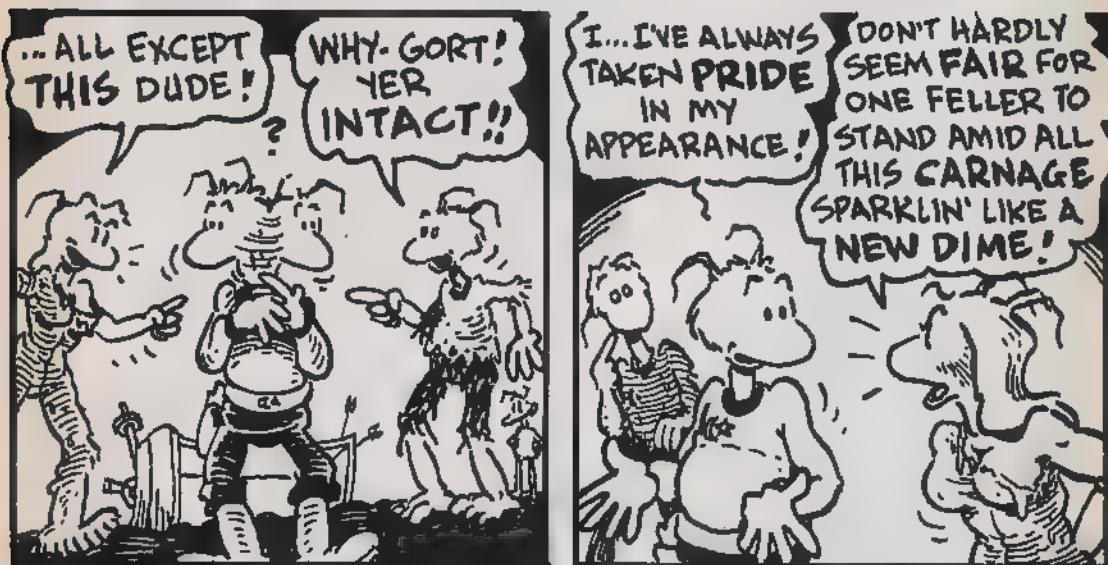
THANKS, U-2...  
HEY, U-2! A  
LAMPSHADE!  
YAW! HAH! HAW!  
THAT'S PRETTY  
FUNNY!

YESSIR...  
IT'S A  
HIT AT  
PARTIES!

...CAN YA  
STAND ON  
Y'HEAD, TOO?

WELL  
WOULD  
YA LOOKIT  
THAT!

NOW AIN'T THIS  
A COMEDIC  
BUNCH - !





AND SO - AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY INTO THE NO DUMPING SIGN - TWO CULTURES BEGIN THE TASK OF RE-KINDLING THEIR COMMON BONDS...



## Post Script:

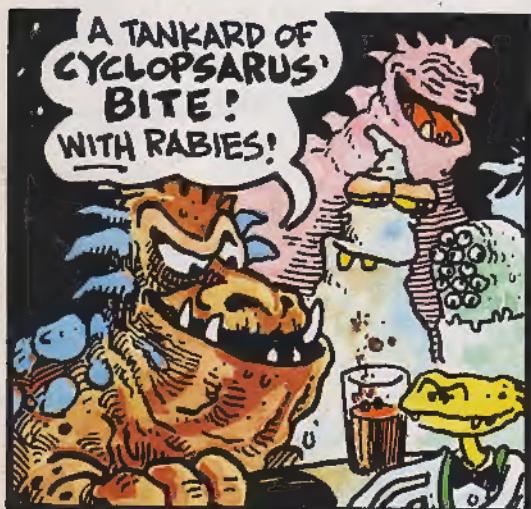
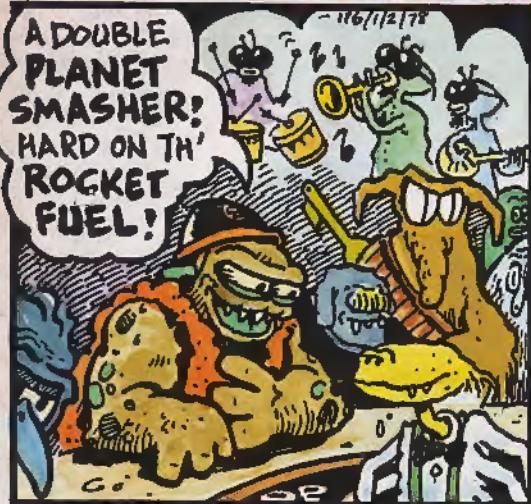
THEY WAS THIS BATCH OF SPACE BUGS! HON'ESS T'GOD, SLIM! GRABBED ME AN' STUCK A RAY-PISTOL TO M'HEAD! IT WAS HORRIBLE! THEY SHOT OFF M'NOSE! MEAN LITTLE FELLERS! BEAT ME UP AN' LEFT ME FOR DEAD... Y-YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, DON'T YA, SLIM?!



ORDER TODAY!  
RIP OFF PRESS  
P.O. BOX 4158  
SAN FRANCISCO  
QUILLY  
only \$1.00  
(+ 25¢ postage)

# STAR WEEPS

## THE BARROOM SCENE



## STAR WEEVILS

Space fightin' in the  
**microcosm**

by

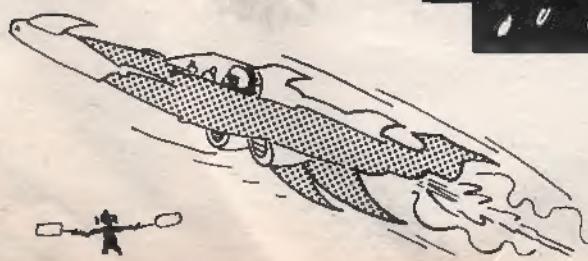
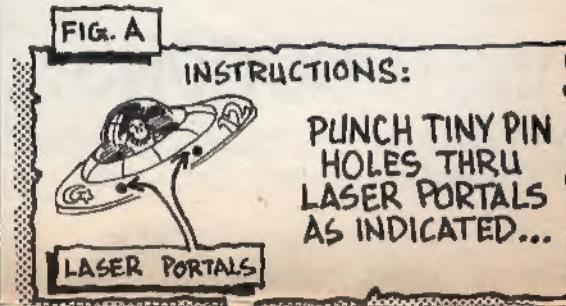
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INSIDE  
↓

DR. ELBOW WINESTAIN'S "THEORY OF RELATIVITY" CONTENDS THAT THE BASIC ATOM IS ACTUALLY A UNIVERSE UNTO ITSELF... THAT THE ATOMS OF THIS SUBMICROSCOPIC UNIVERSE ARE, IN TURN, UNIVERSES UNTO THEMSELVES... AND SO ON AD INFINITUM! AND IN EACH OF THESE UNIVERSES THERE EXISTS BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF STARS SUPPORTING INHABITABLE PLANETS... AND ON ALL THESE PLANETS THERE ARE A WHOLE BUNCH OF LITTLE PEOPLE... FIGHTING LIKE CRAZY WITH EVERYTHING FROM JAGGED ROCKS TO COMPUTERS... ALL THE TIME !!



SO COME ON ALL YOU JUNIOR SPACE CADETS... SLAP ON YOUR PROTECTIVE HEAD GEAR AND YOUR MAGIC DE-CODER RINGS AND YOUR SPACE PISTOLS AND ALL THAT OTHER GOOD STUFF, AND CLIMB INTO YOUR TRUSTY "GALACTIC RAPIDE" WITH THE DOUBLE BARREL LASER CANNONS AND THE COSMIC OVER-DRIVE, AND GET YOURSELVES UP THERE AMONGST THE STARS DOG-FIGHTING WITH THE ALIEN INVADERS WHERE YOU BELONG!!



"The future exists  
millions of years in  
the past!"

AUTHENTIC!  
REALISTIC!  
YOU WON'T BELIEVE  
YOUR EYES!

OUTSIDE



## INSTRUCTIONS:

- ① CUT OUT THE CROSS, FOLLOWING THE DOTTED OUTLINE.
- ② CUT OUT THE "SPACE VIEWER" CIRCLE.
- ③ USING A STRAIGHT PIN OR A SEWING NEEDLE, PUNCH A TINY PIN HOLE THRU EACH OF THE LASER PORTALS (SEE OTHER SIDE... FIG.A)
- ④ FOLD INTO OBLONG BOX SHAPE AND GLUE (OR TAPE) THE FLAPS DOWN.



STAR  
WEEVILS

©'79  
J. Michael Leonard

## HOW IT WORKS:

- HOLD THE BOX IN FRONT OF A BARE LIGHT BULB (WORKS BETTER IF LIGHT IS "ON")...
- AS YOU PEER INTO THE SPACE VIEWER, MOVE THE BOX BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THE BARE LIGHT BULB...
- WATCH THE LASER BEAMS FLASH AND - WHOA -  
YOU GOT  
SPACE FIGHTIN' IN THE  
MICROCOSM!!

WARNING:

ABSOLUTELY NOT RESPONSIBLE  
FOR DEATH OR INJURY RESULTING FROM  
LASER AND/OR RAY GUN FIRE!!

